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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1913.

PLAYING WITH PUBLIC OFFICE

A popular shamus of Indianapolis has partronously resolved to leave the city from another's military rule. He had lost all control of his office, and an power to sustain the peace and order on which society rests and civilization thrives. A committee of business men advised him that he would do well to stay the trouble of residing at the next universe. Like Huerta, he said to go, and so good not upon the order of it. Shamus has left a plenty of figures in municipal life, like Minneapolis Journal reporter. He has attracted the whole country. He acted like a real like a beneficent Czar of Russia, doing good and feeling all who were oppressed, without much regard to the law and peace of the realm. He dealt with the saloons like a mayor of the New England theocracy, compacted with the market to knock down the price of potatoes, and tried to "see fair to both sides" when mob riot men used law and order.

He was a better man than public officer. He wanted to be written down as one who loves his fellow man, but he didn't have the sense of protecting life and property from lawless abuse of his admirable sentiments. Like other explorers of a little brief authority, he never seem to realize that governing a city is a serious matter. While he fiddled with sentimentality, Indianapolis started fire. You cannot play with public office, either for vice or for virtue. Even Tammany has to show a road of safe government.

THE SHREWDNESS OF VILLA
General Villa is making a series of the fact that he neglected to dislodge all the officers he took in the recent battle with the federal and he is now parading the survivors in Juarez where they can be seen by visiting Americans.

Remembering the early accounts of passengers stampeded at their starting and shot down on the battlefield, remonstrating with Villa's sons, threats to kill all officers taken and his attempt to modify the execution of prisoners, the griddle that he was possibly making enemies, but is proved to continue that the Mexican's present attitude reflects more credit on his shrewdness than on his baseness, the Detroit Free Press remarks.

Villa's shrewdness is no secret and no sooner than other leaders engaged in the opposing side of the disagreement when the war, can be in just cause for a certain degree of indulgence than be of great benefit to his cause. A similar consideration may be of value for reasons. It is possible that in part Villa is making韬es of the Mexican naval officers especially toward those whom they wanted revenge or as the pirates of the 20th century must have done when Robert E. Lee's.

But it is also worthy consideration how far the effect the Mexican leader's conduct will have on the United States government. And this is particularly likely if Villa is according to the stories of his friends and is continuing a project to make a stand for the Mexican presidency on his own account. One of Carranza's big difficulties as a Washington D. C. candidate to unseat Huerta is the bloody record of his men and his confession of inability to control them. Villa may very possibly believe that if he can convince the American government that he is merciful, he will be able to gain its endorsement. While he is on the border in plain sight he has his opportunity to make a strong stand play. What he is likely to do if he gets into the interior away from prying eyes, is another matter.

The Federation theory of the dynamite outrages, it should be noted, attributes them to agents of the mine managers, who thus seek to throw discredit on the Federation cause. This theory, says the Mining Journal, would have a much better chance of general acceptance were there not available so much conclusive evidence that desperate labor leaders have been quite accustomed to the use of dynamite as an efficacious weapon. There are all the files of the McNamara cases, for instance.

A SEASON'S LYNCHINGS.

During the year's first six months there were twenty-four cases of lynching. For the ten months ending with the first day of November the figure was forty-five. On authority that is believed to be accurate, that is, a total of four less than for the corresponding two months of last year.

This year's lynchings were in southern states; some of them are a sorry story. In August, in Georgia, a negro accused of murder was lynched. A few days later another negro confessed the crime and developments made it clear that an innocent man had been hanged. In Tennessee, in July, two colored farmers were lynched. The state's leading newspaper, the Commercial Appeal, said, editorially, that no mistake had ever been discovered for the dead, but that, as far as could be found out by diligent inquiry, the two men were "quiet, orderly country people."

In Florida, last July, a negro accused of larceny in assisting an escaping criminal, was lynched; a few days later, in Alabama, a half-witted negro who had "frightened women and children" went the same way. Louisiana, Texas and Kentucky contributed toward this year's total. A ten-month improvement even of four in the lynching record is something, especially it is satisfactory to know that thus for this year there has been no resort in northern states—as in recent years there has been—to the summary process.

The action of the British rear admiral in Mexican waters in condoning himself to the American admiral, whom he outranks by virtue of seniority, speaks volumes regarding the earnestness of the friendly cooperation of Great Britain with the United States for the handling of the complicated situation in Mexico, and is entirely in harmony with the declaration of Lord High Chancellor Haldane at the Americans' Thanksgiving celebration in London that President Wilson's policy with regard to Mexico, is a policy "of right and justice, and not a policy of conquest." That President Wilson has made mistakes in the course of the Mexican negotiations many of his countrymen are convinced, but without regard to party they give him credit for the best intentions in the matter and applaud his patience, and will rejoice if he succeeds. They recognize the action of Great Britain in standing by him as promising to be an influential factor in helping him to carry into effect the end at which he aims.

Horrors! President Wilson now threatens to refuse Congress any Christmas unless the currency bill is passed. These schoolmaster methods are becoming tiresome.

THE NEWSPAPER HEART.
Give me the boys with the newspaper heart.
That love the smell of the printer's ink.
That get right down where the presses are.
And love the labor of making men think.
The boys with the newspaper heart.

That knows the old office a mile away by that unmistakable smell of the shop.
Where the ink falls black and the presses noisy.

Brown in a little country town
Where an old-time Campbell country press.
Printed the weekly sheet to crown
The world with its knowledge more or less.

There are great old souls in their world apart,
Loving the type and the smell and sound—
The boys, the boys of the newspaper heart.

In the best old game that the world can find.

Give me the boys that can love it still,
Can hurt themselves in a pile of papers—
Prints that the loved "exchanges" send.

Of all odd shapes and sizes and caps—
The boys that know it afar, far off,
That smell of the print shop, and who love

That odor of the ink and oil.
And the old benzine all smelt above,

The boys that come up from the Washington hand press,
The Country Campbell and all, to know

The whirl and crash and the roaring motion
Of the twenty-four thousand an hour

How give me the boys with the newspaper heart.

The smudge and stain and the smell of ink,
And the sharp bang sport of a righteous service.

In helping the old world sing and think.

—Baltimore Sun.

FOOLISH.

Many a wise man has picked up a good suggestion where some fool dropped it.—New Orleans Picayune.

Ira Williams, 73, and Miss Josephine Crawford, 62, were married in Ocean Park Cal., a few days ago after a courtship of 50 years.

IS LOVER OF BRUTAL HUMOR

Huerta Regards Wilson With Disdain Because Not a Fighter

Mexico City, Dec. 3—Victoriano Huerta is a fighting man. He is not a statesman or a diplomat, merely a fighter. If he wants a thing, he fights for it. He did good work for Diaz in the Yaqui campaigns in Sonora, although in some manner he fell from grace. He fought well for Madero, too, but was too bloody and ruthless for him. Madero shelved him. That was a mistake. Huerta formed a contempt for Madero because he wasn't a fighter. He believes President Wilson isn't a fighter, either. Therefore, he holds him in contempt also.

But though a fighter by profession, a skilled fighter being a graduate of Chapultepec military academy, a man in whom the mere matter of cutting out of the way an obstacle, even though that obstacle is a human being, is a matter only of detail, he has another side. Huerta, dictator of Mexico, possesses a queer wit and appears to advance in company. When he is delivering his monologue, based on observations and brightened a very little by education, he is a somewhat likeable old chap.

Shows Brutal Humor.

This was brought out at a dinner given by Henry Lane Wilson to Huerta just before Wilson was recalled to America. Wilson wanted Huerta to get acquainted with the kitchen cabinet, most of the members of which wanted something from Huerta. During the dinner Huerta kept up a conversation concerning the concession of the American in inviting a "plain old Indian" to stick his legs under the ambassadorial mahogany. Yet, even in the flashes of wit, there was shown the cool, fearless brutality of the man who seized the reins of government.

Huerta's sense of humor keeps him from taking himself too seriously. The editor of a comic weekly, much given to cartooning middle men, called on Huerta recently to ascertain his standards.

"I don't suppose you would give me credit if we cartooned you a little in a good-natured spirit?" asked the editor, who was a Spaniard. Thirty-three is the number of the section of the Mexican constitution which provides for the deportation of undesirable aliens.

"Oh, no," said Huerta. "We might give you 30-39, though."

Thirty-thirty is the caliber of the rifles most used by Mexicans. There have been no cartoons of Huerta in that publication since.

Shows Constant Caution.

Huerta does not favor residing in Chapultepec castle. He holds that it is too lonely there on top of a rock to suit him. "Besides, it is not proper for a man as bad as they say I am to venture so near heaven. I'd better stay down where I belong," he explains.

The French minister, during a recent call on Huerta, started to leave by the same door he entered. "Suppose we go out this way?" suggested the dictator. "I'll tell you why."

"My mother was an Indian. When

I left home to make my fortune she called me back and said: 'My son, I have no money or property to give you, but I can give you some good advice. The most valuable advice I can give you is this: Never go out the same way twice. I never go out the same door I come in, so they never catch me.'

It is stated Huerta seldom lies down to sleep in the same place. He holds that he can care for himself when awake, but not when he is asleep. Some of the fellows who don't like me will get me some day," he volunteered. "But I want them to get me when I'm awake." He moves his cabin at various places, changing the point at very short notice.

His house is plain and differs from the others only by a guard of soldiers. These are careless looking men, who flirt with passing women, bunch on bananas and smoke cigarettes, but they are members of Banquet's tried and true Twenty-ninth battalion. They are not handsome or soldierly, but they are wild fighters.

Huerta is almost 60 years old, but is strong and active. He is a friend of the comic bottle and his drinking exploits are narrated very often. Also he is a tremendous eater. A dinner of many courses means only bare dishes. He has lived the greater part of his life out of doors.

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ASK EXTENSION OF WATERWAYS

Move for Development of Rivers and Harbors Given Impetus

Washington, D. C., Dec. 3—If the movement for the development of the nation's waterways is to be advanced through intelligent discussion by men well qualified to speak on the subject, then it is certain to receive a decided impetus from the tenth annual convention of the National Rivers and Harbors congress, which convened in the capital today for a three days' session.

The gathering is the largest and most representative ever assembled in this country in the interest of waterway development. Senators, representatives, diplomats, captains of finance and industry, governors of many states and others high in official life were included in the attendance at the formal opening of the convention today.

President Wilson to Speak.

Heading the list of speakers is President Wilson, who is expected to define for the first time his position on the improvement of the internal waters of the country. Ambassador da Gama, of Brazil, John D. Hazel, Canadian minister of marine and fisheries, and Secretary of War Garrison, who recently returned from an official inspection of the Panama canal, are other notables on the list of speakers.

The several sessions of the convention will be presided over by Senator Fletcher of Florida and Representatives Burgess of Texas, Small of North Carolina and Moore of Pennsylvania, will discuss the several projects for waterways to link the Mississippi and the Atlantic; the Mississippi and the Rio Grande, and the inter-coastal waterway from New England to Florida.

Discuss Various Projects.

"The Waterways of the Pacific Northwest" are to be described by Senator Jones, of Washington. To congresswoman Knowland, of California, and W. B. Thompson, commissioner of public utilities of New Orleans, has been assigned the subject of municipally-owned terminals.

Other speakers will discuss canal projects and river and harbor improvements that are of particular interest to New England, New York, the region of the Great Lakes, the Pacific coast and other sections of the country.

At the session tomorrow evening John Barrett, director general of the Pan-American union, will deliver an illustrated lecture in description of the South American republics and what they are doing in the way of improving their rivers and harbors.

TRUTHFUL.

A Boston sociologist says a man tells the truth when he is drunk. Then what an army of unrecognized great men this country has to fall back upon.

CLEVELAND LEADER.

Jules Claretie, who attained fame as the director of the Theater Francais, 73 years old today.

Joseph L. Birmingham, manager of the Cleveland American league baseball team, 24 years old today.

Chinese farm hands in Manchuria are paid 15 cents a day.

Illinois Suffrage Leader, Noted Figure In National Convention



RS. MEDILL MCCORMICK is one of the rich and prominent women who gave credit for the suffrage victory in Illinois where the women won the partial ballot. She is one of the Chicago workers who "bubbled" the bill through. Mrs. McCormick, talented and wealthy, helped win the most substantial suffrage victory of the year. She prepared to attend the national woman's suffrage convention at Washington, Nov. 28 to Dec. 5. Suffragists expect the greatest enthusiasm of the convention when Illinois' right is observed.

Daddy's Bedtime Story—

The Dog Which Had Too Many Good Things.

JACK liked good things to eat. Most small boys do. Sometimes, though, he wanted more of them than his mother thought was good for him. There had been very nice cake for tea. Jack and Evelyn had each had a piece, but when Jack asked for a second piece his mother very firmly said no.

"If you eat too much cake you will be ill," daddy advised.

"Let me tell you about Dan, a bulldog which belonged to a man who lives in the west."

"As Dan grew up he became a great favorite with the family. He was as clever and as handsome a dog as you would wish to meet."

"His master became so fond of Dan that nothing was thought to be too good for him. Dan early showed a fondness for chicken, and he was fed chicken twice a day, while ham and eggs, which he also liked, were given to him whenever he wanted them."

"But the more chicken and ham and eggs he ate the fatter Dan became. Every little while he had a sick spell. Oh, dear, how ill he was!"

"As soon as he was well again he would gobble more chicken and ham and eggs and have to have the doctor again."

"Then one day he became very, very ill, and the doctor, although he did his best, could do nothing for him. Dan died."

"The dog's master was overcome with grief. The sorrowing family laid him away in a spot in the garden which Dan had seemed to love. There he had buried his bones and slept on hot summer days."

"And his fond master and sorrowing friends said something ought to be done about Dan's death. They did not think so young and promising a dog should have died so young."

"So they went to see the man who had sold Dan to his master, and the man asked how Dan had been cared for."

"What did you give him to eat?" the dog man wanted to know.

"Why, chicken and ham and eggs and all sorts of good food," they answered.

"The man looked very grave and shook his head